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Shall Business Be Christian or Pagan?

By

Champe S. Andrews

"On the moral battlefield of the next fifty years, the Church will be found contending with Business to make it Christian instead of Pagan."

The Universalist Leader

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

The term *re*construction is a misnomer. What the world needs is construction. The war revealed how little had really been built. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

The Chicago ministers passed a resolution condemning President Butler for standing for nullification of law. He replied by calling the ministers intolerant in their action and un-Christian in their spirit. He claims that he obeys the law and urges others to obey it. To a mere outsider his speech before the Bar Association doesn't sound as if he were very hearty in his endorsement of obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment. (*R. W. G., in Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

Though inured to the vagaries of fighting the minority's battles, the editors of the *Nation* have seldom felt the futility of effort as they did on reading a dispatch from Abyssinia announcing that while male slaves bring a price of from $6 to $24, females sell at $6 down. The indignity of the thing, that the best woman cook should go on a par with the worst male furnace-tender! (*The Nation.*)

υ λ

The British press is on the whole anti-prohibition. In the journalists of Britain the liquor hierarchy has its most devoted and influential defenders. British brewers and distillers are longing for the failure of prohibition in this country, and they diligently parade every word spoken against it in our American papers. They know that if prohibition succeeds here, the liquor traffic in Britain is doomed. . . . Britain, half drunk, will be no match for America sober. (*Charles E. Jefferson, in Christian Work.*)

υ λ

There is no "new" liquor attitude. The business asks us to change the law so that light wines and beer can be sold, and imagines that we will be fooled into thinking that this will stop the use of heavy liquors. Why should we think so? Would the business obey the new law any better than it has obeyed all other laws? It is inherently a law-breaking business. It is so dangerous that letting it go without law is inviting disaster. It is so illicit in its methods and desires that every law framed for it is evaded or violated with impunity. When did the liquor business ever keep the law? Remember the Sunday closing laws, the midnight closing ordinances, the protection of minors—were they ever kept anywhere? How can a man keep from laughing when he suggests that changing the law would induce the liquor people to obey it? (*Christian Endeavor World.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, esus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

THE NEXT WAR

WE have all grown so tragically familiar with this phrase that it may not even attract the attention of our readers. Nevertheless we elieve there is another great war already upon us, nd we hope and expect to see every Universalist in he fighting ranks as soon as he clearly realizes the ruggle is actually upon us.

Four years ago *The Leader* first told the story of rthur Nash's resolve to make his own business hristian instead of pagan. Proof sheets of that ory were sent to the leading religious and secular apers of the country, with the statement that we elieved this to be the possible beginning of an in- ustrial revolution. The subsequent developments ave more than justified that prediction. The three housand per cent growth of the Nash business has een small in comparison with the spread of the Nash lea, and the growing faith in the practicability of Ir. Nash's ideals.

In this issue we are publishing what we believe o be the most important contribution we have re- eived for a long time. Some weeks since a Southern ewspaper came to *The Leader* office containing a re- ort of a speech by Mr. Champe Andrews in which here were a few sentences declaring that he foresaw an mpending struggle between the Church and business or the control of the formal expression and the pos- ible reshaping of the content of Christianity. Mr. ndrews was immediately asked to develop this idea or *The Leader*, and "Shall Business Be Christian or 'agan?" is the result.

We believe Mr. Andrews has defined an issue as nescapable as the question of human slavery. Lin- oln declared that "a nation can not permanently xist half-slave and half-free." Here is a declaration hat an industrial nation can not permanently exist ith its industry half pagan and half Christian. We ust Christianize the Garys and the Gomperses or ney will eventually paganize us. In industry as in nternationalism we are going forward to brotherhood r back to barbarism.

THE URGENT NEED OF HONESTY

SOME people have little or no sense of the distinction between *"mine"* and *"thine."* They have a keen sense of "mine" but not of "thine." They would eliminate the distinction by making "thine" "mine." In short, and in plain English, they are thieves. They endeavor by hook or crook to get the property of other people away and make it their own. They steal to live and live to steal. Perhaps there is no commandment so much disregarded and transgressed to-day as "Thou shalt not steal." It is estimated that a billion dollars worth of property is stolen annually in our country, and this takes into account only the more evident forms of theft. And one is disposed to believe this statement from what he reads in the newspaper. There is scarcely an issue now that does not contain an account of some "hold-up," embezzlement, bank looting and fraudulent schemes.

This moral condition is giving grave concern to business men, especially to those who "bond" employees. Store keepers in our great cities are considerably distressed at the increase in shoplifting, and have held conferences to devise plans for their protection. A large bonding house in New York has begun a campaign of education in honesty, with the purpose of teaching the youth the necessity and value of honesty, and the tragic costs of dishonesty.

A study of dishonesty shows that youths, in particular, resort to stealing because they want money to live their luxurious and indulgent lives. They want pleasures; they are in a hurry to get money; they can't wait and earn it, and in the meantime live the simple life as their parents did. Moreover, they read that others have stolen and gotten away with it, and so they think they can do the same. Thus the adventuresome spirit lends support to their cupidity. Then, too, as we remarked above, they have a very defective sense of the right of others to their property.

There is another motive that leads them to steal. It is the defective moral sense of the community. There is too much emphasis upon the value of money and too high an appreciation of men of wealth, and

too little moral judgment on the way men get their wealth. The inconvenient question, "Where and how did he get his money?" is not asked as often as it should be. All this tends to corrupt the minds of youth, and to make them think that, if they can get money and get away with it, there will be not much harm done.

Now in our interest in and co-operation with other social agencies in this new campaign for honesty, there is need that our churches maintain their own high moral level of appeal. It is interesting and encouraging that business men should feel that this campaign is necessary and should start it. The motive, however, to which many business men are appealing is not strong enough, nor good enough. Indeed it is hardly moral at all; it is only prudential. Honesty may be the best policy, but if a man is only honest because it is the best policy then the moment the policy changes honesty will change into dishonesty. If a man is only honest because it pays, he will change his honest occupation when higher wages are offered by dishonesty. The honest man is not invariably the successful man. Honesty may lead to poverty. The Book of Job is not out of date.

The churches, therefore, need to appeal to the youth and to adult persons with the highest motives. Men must be taught to be honest because their own characters are worthless without it. They can not have strong, noble, fine characters unless honesty is inwrought into their very souls. Nor can they develop a business into which they build their lives and of which they can be proud and through which they can serve the community, without honesty. Nor can they help to build the City of God in their community and country without honesty. Nor can they meet their God here and now, as well as hereafter, without the consciousness that they have lived honestly and are the souls of honor.

D. E.

* *

THE TEXAS WAY

SAID a big Texas recently: "Some of my friends came to me not long ago and told me that members of the Ku Klux Klan had overheard remarks I had made about the K. K. K. and resented them, that many of these members were my friends, and depositors in the bank of which I am president; that it would injure me and ruin the bank if I did not stop. I replied that if our bank, with its record of square dealing, had to go down in such a cause, the quicker it crashed the better.

"I then wrote an article of about 2,000 words telling of these conversations or threats and stating my position. I took it to an editor in our little city of 8,000 people and he said he did not dare publish it. I offered to pay for it at advertising rates but, while he agreed with what I had written, he again refused. Then I had 2,000 hand bills struck off telling the story, and put them up all over town.

"My friends were alarmed and begged me to go away. Instead, perhaps out of fear, I placed two repeating rifles just inside of my front door with open boxes of cartridges by them. I set two shotguns at the top of the stairs with extra ammunition. Under my pillow I put two heavy revolvers. I made no secret of it nor did I boast of it. But my friends coming in saw the guns. I told them that when the first party of masked men came into my yard to take me out of my house, I would not stop to parley but would begin to shoot, and that I would kill just as many of them as I could. This got noised around and nobody ever came."

Good for the big Texan. We must grapple with evil barehanded. We must fight the good fight. We must end anarchy. "They never came." They went out into the country to tar and feather a broken down farmer and drag a helpless woman from her bed.

* *

THE SPREAD OF THE WHITE RACE

THE most prodigious phenomena in all recorded history" one of the historians calls it—this rapid spread of the white race over the earth.

When he came back from the Far East Harry Emerson Fosdick called our attention to the fact that in 1500 A. D. the white race covered "hardly one-tenth of the area of the world." Now, with only one-third of the population of the world, it covers nine-tenths of the area.

In the last fifty years the spread has been rapid. In 1880, for example, only a small part of Africa was under European control. In 1914 all but Liberia and Abyssinia had passed to the white man. One after another India, French Indo-China, Java, the Malay State, the Straits Settlements, and the Philippine Islands have gone to the white man.

Confident, grasping, victorious, the white man started to divide up China. Unquestionably Japan was next on the list. But suddenly something happened. Japan woke up. With military traditions, but devoted to art, to literature, to the pursuits of peace, all at once she found "civilization" with guns at her doors. What Japan did was to grasp quickly the weapons of "civilization" to save herself from being swallowed up. Next she said: "If anybody is to expand upon the mainland of Asia it must be Japan. You have all the rest of the world. Give us some place in which to grow."

We do not endorse the militarism of Japan any more than we do the full-fledged militarism of France or the budding militarism of the United States. But we take our hats off to the plucky little men who stopped the big bullies who were ready to walk all over her.

Now that the partition of China has been stopped—and the United States deserves all praise for stopping it—now that liberal forces in Japan, in England and in our own country have locked horns squarely and fairly with the militarists and imperialists, we look forward with confidence to the day when all nations will be good citizens of the commonwealth of the world.

* *

There are those who complain when others are dependent on them, but that burden is but a bit of thistledown compared to being dependent on others.

* *

If we could all live as long as we want to, few of us would want to live as long as we do.

* *

It may not be so very interesting to know yourself, but occasionally it is mighty useful.

Shall Business Be Christian or Pagan?

Champe S. Andrews

Mr. Andrews is a leading business man of the new South. Before his growing commercial enterprises absorbed his time, he was a brilliantly successful lawyer in New York City. His interests have carried him from Europe to China, and made him as familiar with our international relations as with our internal problems. He is eagerly sought as a speaker by Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade. With his brother he shares the responsibility of the O. B. Andrews Company of Chattanooga, the largest of its kind in the world, with a plant covering over twelve acres; and he is also actively associated with textile and other enterprises of the South.

The Issue

ON the moral battlefield of the next fifty years, the Church will be found contending with business to make it Christian instead of pagan.

The conflict between the Church and business is inevitable. It must continue until the issue is fought to a definite conclusion.

The two most powerful influences in the world to-day are religion and business. Business is the young bully on the playground of life. He has erected treadmills and slums on this playground. Conscious of his enormous size, strength, and influence, he has been deceived into believing that he is the master and not the servant of men. He has erred in believing that the only laws are economic laws, that the rules he makes can violate the rules for making men live more abundantly. These are natural illusions for a youth only about one hundred years old in the long life of mankind.

The Church was not at first able to decide definitely on what attitude to take towards business. At first it ignored the growing bully. As business increased in power and began to take a liberal part of the time and thought of men, the Church became uneasy. It next decided to adopt some of the methods of business in order to defeat business at its own game. Advertising campaigns to increase church attendance, and the raising of huge sums of money for so called "campaigns" along business lines, were a symptom of this uneasiness on the part of the Church. In some cases the Church surrendered entirely to Big Business, as evidenced by rented pews, endowed pulpits, "safe" ministers and subsidized evangelists "to keep labor contented."

But the Church as a whole has been painfully thinking out its duty towards the bully. The facts were difficult to reach, not only because the conditions underlying them were unique in history, but also because the bully has insisted that ministers are disqualified to touch on his affairs, because the ministers are not practical business men. On the same reasoning it is to be presumed that a preacher should not attack race-track gambling because he is not skilled in handicapping and the laying of odds.

Evidences are appearing on every hand that the Church has thought the problem through and has determined to arraign business at the bar of Christianity as the accused, just as the Church has heretofore arraigned all other institutions that transgress the moral law and deny the Christian spirit.

And what will the indictment be? That business, itself the creature of the most unbridled and aggressive instincts, proceeds to treat the laborer as if the latter did not also have powerful instincts, the suppression of which are dangerous in the extreme—dangerous even to business itself; that its pagan slogan, "Business is Business," has been substituted for "The Law and the Prophets;" that the means of living have been exalted above the ultimate aims and ends of life; that the "good life" has been bartered for the "goods life;" that the wine of life has been thrown away as worthless, while the dregs are treasured as the real riches; that the law of the tooth, talon and claw has been idealized as the law of the survival of the fittest, as if mankind had never glimpsed a vision of "the fittest" that is not based on the brute strength of survival in the wilderness of nature; that to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" has been the first command of business, while the remaining portion of the command to "render unto God the things that are God's" has been suppressed in a conspiracy of silence; that the love of man for his own vine and fig-tree, crystallized into love of country, has been perverted into a hostile and uncultural nationalism for the promotion of trade that waves aside "the brotherhood of man" as a theorist's dream; that freedom of speech must cease to be either freedom or speech, if it takes the form of a questioning of the rules under which the game of business is played; that the emphasis in education must be on the acquisition of knowledge that will enable the student to enter business, instead of on the acquisition of wisdom and culture that will enable the student to enjoy that part of life not given over to the pursuits of business; that science and invention are encouraged with an eye single to the increase of production and activity in business, with no thought that, when these ends are served, there is grave danger that these same forces may be used for the destruction of civilization; that the joys of art and music have been separated from the creative instinct and become merely the commercialized vehicles to measure the extent of wealth in the cold-storage dwelling house or to make the wheels turn faster in the power house of commerce; that having standardized machines, parts, operations, styles, materials and methods, business is now trying to standardize men, their homes, their ambitions and their culture, in utter defiance of the value of the vivid and varying personality of the individual; that business is wasting in a few generations the reserves of coal, oil, timber and other raw materials stored by nature for the benefit of all mankind; that the ultimate end of undisciplined business is war no less now than 2700 years ago when Socrates said, "The origin of all wars is the pursuit of wealth."

Wrong Remedies

This indictment is not drawn in the spirit of the agitator or the anarchist or the dilettante. It is not drawn by one who believes humanity could or would return either to the primitive methods of the pre-

steam days, or to the spirit of the monastery of the dark ages. It is not drawn by one who feels that the civilization of China and India and other far-off countries, as pictured by the apologists for those civilizations, is vastly to be desired over the civilization that is the product of the automatic machine. It is not drawn by one who believes that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, provided the rich man uses his wealth for the advancing of the Kingdom—and this may be done in many ways other than by giving it "to the poor." It is not drawn by one who believes that the laborer is not worthy of his hire, whether the laborer be a stevedore or a railroad president; nor by one who believes that in any system of civilization the thrifty, the industrious, the courageous, can be kept on the same plane as the spendthrift, the slacker and the coward.

On the contrary, it is drawn by one who believes that it is foolish, yes, unscientific, to talk of destroying the present industrial civilization before anything better can be erected in its place. Mankind must correct the abuses of the present industrial era without destroying it. The good far outweighs the bad, and the real friend of business, the true Captain of Industry, is he who humanizes its standards, and changes its emphasis, without smashing the magnificent and efficient structure that is peculiarly the glory of the last one hundred years of mankind.

Most emphatically of all, the indictment is drawn by one who believes that legislation to cure economic ills, for the most part, is the product of thoughtless passion and prejudice, written by those who fear the votes of the incompetent and unsuccessful more than they do the criticism of the judicious. It seems increasingly difficult to frame economic laws to cure commercial evils unless commerce itself is seriously damaged or destroyed, or unless some other evil of equal gravity arises to take the place of the one suppressed.

In Walker's "Defense of Wealth," he boasts:

> "Nature has not endowed all men equally, and it is natural that those with a smaller endowment, being the more numerous, should attempt in some way to handicap those with brighter minds and greater persistence or disposition to stick to the tasks that they undertake until they finish them. The world is made up of those who do things and those who try to prevent them from doing them. The attitude of those who are doing things is usually that of ignoring the others, until their activities impinge upon the plans of the doers, then they take only sufficient notice thereof to devise a way of getting around the obstruction and proceed with their work.
>
> "I remember discussing this matter once with the editor of the *Chautauqua Magazine*. He had declared himself in favor of certain proposed social legislation, and was insisting that laws should be passed prohibiting the doing of a dozen different things that he claimed exploited the workman. In his tirade he said that he could not understand why the great users of labor did not recognize the situation and take some action.
>
> "I replied that the men in the world who were doing things were too busy with their work to pay any attention to the barking of the non-doers; that only when the non-doers came up to the doer and said to him, you can not any longer do so and so, did he take any notice of them, and then only for the purpose of stamping out the thing which they had devised to handicap him. I said that I would give him three months to devise any law that he could think of to prevent my doing what I had to do in the ordinary course of business, and that I would undertake in thirty minutes to find a way of circumventing his law. He thought that I had little opinion of his ability. But it is not a question of the amount of ability but of the kind of ability. A man who is in the habit of doing things quickly sees how to do the same thing in another way when he comes up against an obstacle, while the fellow who is not in the habit of doing anything but whose habit of mind is critical and destructive, never can see how a thing can be done, sufficiently to prevent it from being done." ("The Things That Are Caesar's," pages 38-39.)

This quotation illustrates quite as much the failure of business to see its own evils as it does the failure of laws to remedy them.

It is because of the repeated failure of passion-made laws to remedy the major evils of industry that the writer feels the true remedy lies in a militant Christianity attacking the paganism of business. Restrictive laws, injunctions and excessive taxes are not so potent to work reform as the accusing figure of the Church, threatening excommunication from the Church and ostracism from men for all those whose affairs are conducted on the same basis as the money changers in the temple. Many of the "Caesars of Business" are religious-minded. What is needed is the age-long need of men to make profession and practise harmonize. That is a task for the Church rather than the courts or legislatures. But it requires a big Church—one as big as Big Business.

Why Must the Church Make the Fight?

Then, it may be asked, why look either to the Church or to legislatures to correct the abuses of business, instead of to business itself? In the first place, as long as "business is business" and there is "no sentiment in business," business is such that it will not abolish its abuses except by a slow evolutionary process on somewhat the same scale that mankind is abolishing the appendix. In the second place, there can not come a reform from within until the reform is started by some influence not pledged to the same emphasis to which business is pledged. In the third place business has directly challenged the conception of the modern idea of Christianity, and already the issues are joined and the conflict begun.

No self-respecting minister, believing that Christianity is something to be lived, and not merely to be believed without action, can sit still and see professing Christians upholding a pagan Ark of the Covenant labeled Business. If a man is to be a Christian on Sunday, the Church must insist that he be a Christian in business also. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." There is no compromising the issue. No longer will the ministry be restrained by the cry that they are not practical business men. They do not need to be! All they need is to be Christian.

The Church should criticise business whenever business acts in violation of the Christian spirit. But the Church is not expected to furnish business an affirmative program that will Christianize it.

may suggest, but it should not dogmatize. Business asts that the superior intellects of modern times are its service. One enthusiast refers to these intellects "the Caesars of Invention, of Transportation, of siness." If this be true, business will not expect e clergy to furnish business with an affirmative nomic program. It does not take an economic pert to decide whether business is pagan or Christian, d to condemn if pagan and approve if Christian.

Nor must it be forgotten that what is good busiss will generally be found to be good Christianity. any business men to-day are conducting large enterses who are good business men, but who are not nomic experts and who never will be. These men ed not wait to acquire an economic education before tting Christian principles into industry. When siness is conducted in accordance with Christian inciples, it will in the end be found to be conducted cording to sound economic laws. For there is nothg in the principles of Christianity that is contrary sound reasoning and efficient administration. Many the very things that business most fears would, if opted by it, turn out to be an aid instead of a hinance to business. No industry really ever prosred, for instance, by child labor, yet every movent to abolish it has been fought by business as if it ared a death blow. Big business demands unlimited migration, in spite of the fact that it is unrestricted migration that has filled our land with anarchists d communists.

"By Their Fruits"

There may be those who will agree that the inctment against business is a true bill, and that siness of its own volition shows no ability to rm, but who doubt that Christianity can succeed in rrecting the abuses complained of where everything se has failed. Doubtless their reason is that Chrisanity as understood by many is so orthodox and dogatic and unreasoning that one has great difficulty in ading out just what one means by the term "Chrisan principles," especially when in America alone e have over 150 different interpretations of Christ as many different Protestant sects.

But those of us who are more interested in the rist life and the coming of the Kingdom on earth an in creed, sect, or theology, have no such difulty. Liberal Christians everywhere, both in and t of the churches, are growing in numbers and in wer day by day. Creeds and sects interest them t little. But under the leadership of the Christ e, they are one in insisting that the coming of the ingdom shall not be delayed while idle men debate still more idle problems of the nature of Christ and e observance of forms and ceremonies that without e Christ life are meaningless.

For the most part, these liberal Christians are ientifically minded, and as "practical" as the most actical of business men. To them there are not o kinds of Bibles, or two kinds of Christ, the thodox and the scientific. Knowing that science, hich is nothing else than the study of God's rules d regulations for conducting the universe, is true, and nowing the Bible is equally true as a spiritual guide, ey see no conflict between them, for one is to be interpreted in the light of the other. "Wisdom can never be reached by the mere study of words, even the words of Jesus."

Even the Sermon on the Mount can not be accepted literally, for undoubtedly it teaches, if literally followed, the follies of "indiscriminate almsgiving, neglect of provision for a rainy day, refusal to defend the weak from the brute and many other absurdities." The exact amount to which labor is entitled and to which capital is entitled out of the profits of a given business, for instance, can never be determined from reading the Golden Rule. "He never meant it as a substitute for exact thinking in concrete cases." But after careful study and an accurate conclusion as to what is a just division of profits between capital and labor, the Golden Rule comes as the one Divine Command impelling the division so to be made, and denying the right of the strong to take from the weak, merely because of his strength, that to which the weak has been found entitled.

Christ never intended that a man in accepting him as his spiritual Guide and Master should by that act surrender his intelligence and cease to use his brains. On the contrary, God, having given us the faculty of reason and having separated us from all other animals by that gift, intends us to use the gift to find out His powers through the study of science, and to interpret the words of two thousand years ago so they may be understandable to Christ's followers of to-day. The Golden Rule never intended that profits should be paid if they were not first earned.

The Christian emphasis of Service and Inclusive Love, the Christian attributes of Freedom and Reason, are what is needed in Business to-day. Business errs in its emphasis, in its trend, in its aims. It is sound in its insistence on thrift and the duty to labor, on rewards for the industrious, on its demand for leadership of the highest kind, with just compensation, on the elimination of waste, and on unswerving standards of efficiency.

It is the task of Christianity to see that laborer and capitalist alike pursue the ends of business with a Christian emphasis on Service and Love. If this be inconsistent with Big Business, so much the worse for Big Business.

* * *

TO PRAY

To pray—not ask an alms of fate,
Nor beg, nor placate, but to learn
My mastery, to gain myself,
For this is prayer.

To pray—not toward the earth or sky,
But to lift up unyielding hands
To that strong life unmeasured yet,
The God in me.

To pray—not for the gain of it,
But for the joy of it. To laugh,
To weep with God, in sharing joys
And griefs of men.

To pray—to hope, to strive, and fail;
And then when all is lost but prayer,
O heart of mine, to pray again,
And so be strong!

Hugh Robert Orr.

Cruising Around a Changing World

IX The Milk of Human Kindness

John van Schaick, Jr.

GENTLENESS," "grace," "courtesy," "hospitality," "kindness"—these are the words one hears on every side this peaceful Sunday morning as the passengers of this ship talk about the experiences of yesterday at Honolulu.

A little group was remarking bitterly upon our failure to reciprocate, so I sat down and drafted this message, which both Episcopal and union church services passed unanimously and which my good friends the Catholic priests endorsed for their people:

> Passengers Steamship Empress of France enthusiastically voted resolutions deep appreciation hospitality and kindness people of Honolulu and Hilo. Citizens of Hawaii have made eight hundred people anxious to visit for longer period "the loveliest islands which ever anchored in an ocean."

The wireless already has carried the message back to the city from which we sailed last night a little before eight.

The delay in reaching Hilo, which gave us such a weird experience at night visiting the volcano, gave us also a cruise by daylight through the islands from Hilo to Honolulu, about 200 miles.

For over two hours we were passing the coast of Maui, so beautiful that the United States Government has put there a national park of 20,000 acres which takes in the volcano of Haleakala, 10,000 feet high and with a crater twenty miles around. Those of us who knew about General Armstrong leaned over the rail and talked about him while we were passing this island on which he was born.

Between Maui and Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, we passed Molokai, getting fascinating views of its high cliffs and palisades from the time it came over the sky line until we lost it astern. The leper colony was on the other side of the island, but I had my deepest wish about the Hawaiian Islands—I saw Molokai.

Jack London, passing by in his little vessel "The Snark," looked over at the leper settlement at the foot of the cliffs and remarked, "The pit of hell—the most cursed place on earth." In his book, "The Cruise of the Snark," he tells how he visited that "pit of hell" a month later and had "an almost disgracefully good time with 800 lepers who likewise were having a good time." He declared that if he were compelled to choose between spending the rest of his life in Molokai or in the East End of London or the East Side of New York or the stock yards of Chicago he would "choose Molokai without debate." He describes the comfortable cottages, the well equipped hospitals, the gardens which the lepers themselves cultivate, their bands, their clubs, their ball teams and the happy times they have together.

Not all of this change is due to physical improvement. It is due to a new hope. Once leprosy was believed to be highly contagious and incurable. Now it is known to be only slightly contagious, if at all, and curable. Patients are discharged from Molok every month. An oil from the nut of a tree whic grows in Indo China and Burma has proved to b a cure.

As this tree was scarce, the United States Go ernment sent an expedition into the interior of Sia and Burma, into places where white men had nev penetrated, to study the tree in its native environmen get specimens and find out how to propagate it. A a result these trees are growing in the Hawaiia Islands.*

Not all of the new hope and cheer is among th lepers. We all feel it. That this race of ours wants t do this kind of thing, that there are expeditions i volving hardship and danger in order to bless ma kind, that the forces of spoliation and greed ar conquest about which we read in every dispatch a not the only forces of the world, is inexpressibly chee ing to an increasing number.

Of course we have been debating the career Father Damien, the attack on him so many years ag by Dr. Hyde, and Stevenson's famous philipp against Hyde. "Cruelly unjust," Castle says, bu one of the most terrible and crushing combinations words which ever came off a pen. At least it resulte in the world thinking of Father Damien as a huma being and not as a marble statue. And one thin Stevenson said is true always. Referring to th charge that Father Damien was dirty, admitting tha "perhaps he was dirty from his dirty work," he says "There is not a clean cup or towel in the new reforme settlement but dirty Damien washed it, his own ac of self-inmolation focusing the attention of the worl on the island and making reforms possible."

While Father Damien went out to live with th lepers, become a leper and die with them, the moder scientist goes out perfectly competent to save his ow life and to save the leper too. That is an altogethe higher type of service. It is the commander wh keeps his soldiers from getting into a death trap rathe than the commander who goes on and bravely die with them.

But in the day that Damien lived nobody knew anything about leprosy. In loneliness and squalor th lepers of Molokai lived and died. To go there mean exile, hardship, neglect, cruelty and death. Fathe Damien chose to go and share that lot and to do wha he could, and he deserves all the glory that is his.

Far away we saw the misty mountains of Oah before we came up with the island. This was ou destination, the island on which was Honolulu, capita of the territory of Hawaii, perhaps destined to be th

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*Readers interested in this fascinating story may secure pamphlet about it by writing to the Superintendent of Docu ments, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., enclo ing 15 cents, and asking for "The Chaulmoogra Tree and Som Related Species," by Joseph F. Rock, Bulletin No. 1057 of th Department of Agriculture.

te of Hawaii in our Union; the island on which is arl Harbor, a coaling and naval station of the ited States for twenty years before annexation, l the island which in powerful fortifications is ther Gibraltar.

While we were still far out, army planes came t to meet us, circling around close to the ship, the n waving a welcome. An enterprising newspaper it a plane with bundles of Honolulu papers. A tug ne down the lovely bay with the Royal Hawaiian nd, with singers, with the famous swimmers, rly naked, sitting like bronze figures on the stern the tug ready to dive as soon as we slowed up.

With the customs officers who leaped one by one our swaying ladder, while still out at sea, there ped also a lithe young American officer whom I s delighted to recognize as Lieut. Jas. W. Walters, e of our Washington boys, Tufts College boys and urch boys. He took the first leave he has had in e islands to devote himself, his car, and his beautiful me at the Ordnance Depot to us.

The sun dropped down behind the horizon as r lines were made fast to the dock. A large crowd s on hand to meet us, representatives of every e, of army and navy, with band playing, people eering and lovely flowers tossed about—one would ve thought that we were the first troops coming me from the war.

Due at 6 a. m. and arriving at 6 p. m., we thought at a day had been entirely lost and we had only two Honolulu. But that first night we had a drive ng broad avenues lined with palms, out to Fort ger and Diamond Head; a dinner in a roof garden, e best Hawaiian music in Honolulu and pictures wing manners, customs and industries of all the nds, including Kilauea in eruption, marvelous tures which made some wonder and some jeer. e last edition of the evening papers carried a reless message from Hilo saying that less than enty-four hours after we had to light matches to d the volcano at all, a great eruption had begun and o fiery streams of lava were flowing over the roads had used. It seems incredible to most of us.

As to what we could do in a single day at Hono-u and as to what the people could do for us, no one ter can possibly tell.

With automobiles at our service, with competent ides, and with a whole people willing to help, we complished considerable. It would be absurd to im that we did it well, that we know Honolulu, or at we got to the full the impression which all this turesque life and natural beauty of sea and sky d mountains and tropical foliage can make. But re are things which will abide.

Though we all did about the same things, my wife d I had a fine sense of freedom in going with Lieu-nant Walters in his car.

Honolulu is a beautiful city of 90,000 people de up of almost every race under heaven, situated a volcanic island at the foot of a range of volcanic untains up some of which the city has climbed. e used American money and American stamps and re under the American flag, but architecture, foliage d people made us realize that it was a part of the ited States different from any other part. Hawaii, th exactly the government which Arizona and Dakota and Iowa had before admission to statehood, has about it more color, more picturesqueness, more charm than any other part of our United States.

We drove up the Pali—which means cliff. A good road has been run up a narrow cut which leads from Honolulu across to the windward side of these mountains. The gap ends on the other side in a precipice 1,200 feet high. A tablet tells how King Kamehameha I drove the King of Oahu up this gorge step by step until he hurled his army over the precipice, and thus paved the way for his control of all the islands. It is a great view—not one to make you "sob and cry," as some writers assert, but one to make you want to be alone without a black Hawaiian Senator barking at you through a megaphone. On each side curve the serrated peaks of the mountains. Down below on the narrow coastal plain one sees the fields of pineapple and sugar-cane, with bright red slashes where the ground has been turned up. Beating on the shore is the surf, and stretching far away is the ocean between Oahu and the United States. A still wider view we gained from Fort Tantalus, 3,000 feet high, which looks back the other way over Honolulu and Diamond Head and off westward to Pearl Harbor.

Up on this second mountain we picked all the guavas we wanted, saw the wild ginger and other flowers, and feasted on a view justly famous among the great views of the world.

Skipping the prepared lunch, we went to the Seaside Hotel at Waikiki Beach, and in a peaceful spot looking through palms to the ocean we tried native foods—a grilled fish and *poi*, the great dish of the common people, digestible, highly nutritious and delicious if you have no food prejudices. As I claim to have none I ate it all and pronounced it good. It is the bulb or root of a plant which looks like a calla lily, boiled, pounded up, mixed with water, made into a paste, and then allowed to ferment slightly. It seemed like a cross between oatmeal and sour apple sauce. *Papaia*, a fruit like a melon, came on for lunch—I again being the only one at our table to eat it and pronounce it good. And as for apricot pie, neither Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America ever produced anything half as good as what they served us here. It is an abiding gastronomic memory, like oysters of Norfolk, trout of the Maine woods or Deerfoot sausages cooked by myself outdoors up the Potomac.

Refreshed in body and soul we went out for a more intensive study of a few things. In Honolulu there are two collections of significance to scientists as well as tourists: the Aquarium and the Bishop Museum. We saw both. One has in it the fish caught in the ocean near by, pink, green, yellow, red and shades of blue which make artists cry out in delight. At the Bishop Museum there is a collection to illustrate the geology, ethnology, zoology, botany and history, not only of the Hawaiian Islands, but of all the islands of the Pacific.

In the old days they made some royal cloaks of the feathers of mountain birds, each bird yielding only a feather or two, the work of collection and making taking, in the case of the famous orange cloak, one hundred years. I was glad to see the beautiful thing, especially brought out for us. The statement was made that it was worth a million dollars. One of our party,

regarding this famous art treasure with critical eye, remarked: "What a nest for moths." She probably is one who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

As I looked at the paintings of the kings I thought, "There were giants in those days." Princess Ruth weighed over 300. Others reached 400. Saki's surfboard standing on end at the entrance made us wonder how a human being could ever handle such a huge thing.

The kings and chiefs all attained greater stature than the common people, and three interesting observations which I do not attempt to explain or defend are that "intermarriage did not weaken them," that "their huge bulk was due to diet largely vegetable," and that "their stature and development came from a wonderful system of massage!"

The early missionaries agreed that they were the best race in the Pacific, although allied to the others. Now they are dying out as a pure race, intermarrying with Chinese, Japanese, other orientals and the whites.

And with the fact that they are dying out as a pure race, about which the common people do not worry, is the further depressing fact for the old aristocracy that their status has changed. A ne power is in control. A new society with its "countr club" and "army and navy club" and "commerci clubs" and social register has grown up.

One may not want to change it, but one can b considerate and tactful and kind to those who r ceived the white man with such kindness and ga him freely such opportunities for wealth and powe

Far more interesting even than the Bishop M seum is the story of its founding. Bernice Pauah a lady of culture and refinement, last of the line Kamehameha I, refused the throne and married th Hon. Wm. R. Bishop, an official in the islands. Whe she died she gave her large fortune to educatio founding the Kamehameha schools for Hawaiian Her husband sympathized with her ideals and ga part of his fortune to establish this museum as memorial to her.

The Hawaiian princess and the American busine man, ideally happy together, regarded life as a gi of God, and property as held in trust for the commo good. How she got that conception and how I spe a fascinating afternoon, I shall tell in a third and la letter on these islands.

At sea, Feb. 18, 1923.

Our Woman's Work in the World

MANY of the readers of this article are already familiar, in a definite way, with the work of the Women's National Missionary Association. Many others have a vague idea of what is being done, and many, many others do not know anything at all about the women's organization. This paper has, therefore, been prepared for the purpose of furnishing information to all who are desirous of acquainting themselves with what the W. N. M. A. is doing. Before telling what we do and where, it seems very fitting to ask and answer the question, "Who are we, and for what purpose are we organized?"

In 1869, at the General Convention held at Buffalo, N. Y., the Women's Centenary Association was formed, to assist in raising the Murray Fund, in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Universalism in America. The newly formed organization pushed an active canvass in nearly every state in the Union during that year, resulting in a greatly increased membership, and a splendid sum of money raised. Two years later the Women's Centenary Association was more completely organized. In 1905 the name was changed to the present one—the Women's National Missionary Association of the Universalist Church.

The policy of this Association has always been to co-operate with the Universalist General Convention in extending missionary work of the Church at home and abroad, all new work undertaken receiving the endorsement of the Trustees of the General Convention. In looking over the reports of the women's organization one can but be impressed with the conscientious devotion and Christian spirit in which the pioneer workers entered upon any new undertaking, and always with a definite plan for financing every new project.

The work in Japan was under way, and in ord to insure the permanence of the enterprise the su of $20,000 was raised, to be known as the Blackm Home Endowment Fund, the income of which w to be used for carrying on the work of the Blackm Home, and this fund has been increased from time time by bequests. A Permanent Fund was establish by life membership dues and bequests, the interest which shall be used to defray the expenses of th Association. A Church Building Loan Fund w started, the object being to assist weak parishes ar to aid in church building enterprises. These loa are made on approved security, without interest, ar are returned to the treasury of the W. N. M. A. b an annual payment of 10 per cent of the amou loaned.

Urgent calls for assistance are continually co ing to us, and deep regret is felt that the requests ca not be granted, for lack of a fund commensurate wi the splendid object for which this fund was created.

As the Association was nearing its fiftieth ann versary the committee on business at the Conventi held in 1917 at Pasadena, Cal., endorsed the reco mendation of the president in regard to the raising 1919 of a Jubilee Fund of $20,000, the income to b used for Home Mission work. Beyond the $20,0 mark the fund grew, and $100,000 was fixed as the goa and the fund is nearing its completion.

The present urgent need is the completion of th raising of the $15,000 for the Clara Barton Birthplac which has been purchased and restored, and will b held as a memorial of the Universalist women Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cros and a noble woman who lived her Universalist fait

The Association is pledged to building and equi ping a new Midori Kindergarten in Tokyo. A su of $15,000 is needed for this project, the women

raise $3,000, $12,000, pledged through the Million Dollar Drive, to be advanced by the General Convention.

Funds, according to our by-laws, are invested in first mortgages by a Finance Committee consisting of three members of the Executive Board and three advisory members chosen by the Board.

I have perhaps taken too much space in trying to place before our readers a clear understanding of the working policy of our Association in order that with this as a background we can more intelligently comprehend "what we are doing and where."

The Blackmer Home and the Midori Kindergarten in Tokyo are the special work of the W. N. M. A. in Japan. The salaries of the missionaries and the upkeep of the Home are met by the women. The Japanese girls in the Home are supported by different states, each state paying $120 annually for the support of one girl. Miss M. Agnes Hathaway went to Japan in 1905 and is Director of the Home, and, with her usual devotion and self-sacrifice, worked alone for months, waiting for new missionaries to be sent to share the burden of the work.

The Rev. Hazel I. Kirk went out in 1918, and her influence for uplift has always been felt. Miss Kirk is our "Sunday school missionary," and her salary is paid by children of our Sunday schools. Mrs. Alice G. Rowe sailed for Japan in May, 1922, and is well fitted by training for the position which she holds as assistant director of the Home.

Miss Matsu Koyama, a Blackmer Home girl, who studied different forms of social work in this country, returned to Japan in 1922. She is fitted to be the social worker in the Midori Kindergarten, and is full of enthusiasm for the work which she will undertake when the new Kindergarten building is ready. Her salary will be met by the Clara Barton Guilds.

Miss Bernice Kent is at the Blackmer Home, giving her time to the study of the Japanese language and fitting herself to teach kindergarten methods to Japanese girls. We would like to tell of the splendid work being done for the Japanese girls, how they are being led to a Christian life under the guidance of the devoted missionaries in the Home, but we must hasten on.

In 1911 the General Convention asked the W. N. M. A. to take on the work in South Carolina, which they did, assuming the Superintendency of the state. At present we have six workers in North Carolina, the Rev. and Mrs. Dwight A. Ball in the Southern Kinston Circuit, the Rev. Harry L. Canfield in the Northern Kinston Circuit, the Rev. and Mrs. Leon P. Jones in the Clinton Circuit, and the Rev. Hannah J. Powell at Sunburst. Greensboro and Durham are at present without pastors, but are supplied when arrangements can be made by pastors from the Kinston Circuits. The salaries of these missionaries are paid by the W. N. M. A., but on the Kinston and Clinton circuits collections are made by the pastors, which are applied to the salaries.

Tennessee has also been granted to the W. N. M. A. by the General Convention as a mission field. The work at Harriman has been discontinued, so that the Rev. George A. Gay at Chattanooga represents the Universalist Church in Tennessee. The W. N. M. A. assumes a portion of Mr. Gay's salary.

This is just a brief outline of our Southern work —not touching at all upon the splendid results which are obtained by the self-sacrifice and devotion of our workers in the South. So much more could be accomplished could we send more missionaries into the field.

Just one word about our Clara Barton Guilds, an organization of young women working along the same lines as our Mission Circles. As we read the reports of the Guilds, of their enthusiasm and devotion to the work of the Church, we realize that in them is an organized force for the strengthening of our endeavors.

In closing I want to speak of the literature published by the W. N. M. A. The *Bulletin*, issued monthly, brings to the reader detailed accounts of all the lines of work upon which we have just lightly touched. Issued also by the W. N. M. A. are leaflets by our leading clergymen, letters from our workers in our several mission fields, and forms of prayers which will be found to be very helpful. These may be procured at Headquarters, and the constant calls for these leaflets testify to the value of the work done by the literature committee.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XX Drifting—A Modern Dialogue

Agricola

CHARMIDES: All men say that you are wise, Socrates, tell me therefore, if the gods have given you this knowledge, whither we moderns are drifting.

Socrates: The gods do not bestow wisdom on mortals, Charmides, that is an ancient legend which has lost its meaning since Pallas Athena deserted the Acropolis.

Charmides: How then do men become wise today?

Socrates: By studying the world in which they live, and by making use of the experiences of life.

Charmides: And can we then learn everything, O Socrates, by using the microscope, and the X-ray, and other physical means?

Socrates: Not at all, my young friend. There are many things we can not see or touch or discover by any of the so-called modern scientific methods.

Charmides: What are the things, Socrates, which we may not know by the exercise of our senses or the help of instruments?

Socrates: You know, Charmides, we can not analyze a sunset though it produces in us a sense of beauty, or a sentiment though it both delights us and affects our actions. Neither can you assay love or kindness or sympathy as you do gold in a test-tube.

Charmides: You convince me, O wisest of men, there are many things we can not learn by physical means. But is there any way to foretell the future? Can you perceive whither men are moving, toward wisdom and goodness or toward ignorance and folly?

Socrates: I take it, best beloved pupil, that you mean men as a whole rather than as individuals.

Charmides: That is my meaning.

Socrates: The answer depends a great deal, my young friend, on our views of what men should do. Political economists tell us we are drifting toward socialism. One of your wisest philosophers, Herbert Spencer, once said that there is no logical stopping place between a free public school system and state socialism. Experience teaches that if you take away private initiative men are apt to become helpless playthings of the community.

Charmides: That is very interesting, Socrates. But how do you compare the young people of to-day with those of former times?

Socrates: Sociologists tell us there is much greater laxity of morals. Young people resent authority and treat their parents with little respect. On our streets they seem to glory in their contempt for social conventions and moral restraints. Men can not long prosper if the young come to disregard the laws which the gods have made to regulate human conduct.

Charmides: Have these modern tendencies in economics and ethics touched religion?

Socrates: It could not be otherwise, for religion is of all things the most subtle and important. Students tell us that the religious world is drifting into two great camps—the camps of tradition and progress, of Authority and Liberty. If this be true the Christian world will become either all Catholic or all liberal. Between these two Evangelical Christianity will gradually break asunder, high church souls gravitating Romanward, people dominated more by reason than ritual toward liberal faiths. A famous saying of one of your great military leaders, Napoleon, that all Europe would become either Republican or Cossack finds here a curious analogy.

Charmides: But are these apparent movements real, Socrates, or is it we who change position?

Socrates: As we grow older social changes seem more and more dangerous, since it becomes increasingly difficult for us to adapt ourselves to them. But it is also true, Charmides, that the old who are also wise know better than others the significance of social and religious movements. They can look farther into the unknown future because they can see farther into the unhappy past.

Representative Universalists

VI William Waldemar Spaulding

A VISITOR entering the Universalist church in Haverhill, Mass., on almost any Sunday in the past forty-seven years, would have seen in the group present a large, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed man who was taking an intelligent and sincere interest in every affair of the place. Upon inquiry the visitor would find that man to be William Waldemar Spaulding.

If any man among us has a right to sit in the "chief seats" of the Universalists, that man is Mr. Spaulding. His mother was a sister of the Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., and his father was a brother of the Rev. Willard Spaulding, so well known in the ministry of our Church fifty years ago.

Mr. Spaulding was born in the hill town of Lempster in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, on March 10, 1846. The town in 1850 had 906 inhabitants, while in 1920 it was credited with 289. In Lempster, after some disagreements in a "Union" Church, a small company of Universalist people led by B. A. Miner, the father of Dr. A. A. Miner, built a "little chapel" on a lot thirty by forty feet, which had been donated by Dan Gale. Across the end of the chapel was a vestibule in which were placed two stoves. The auditorium was a room twenty-four by thirty feet in which were twenty-four settees capable of seating 100 persons. In this little meeting-house in the early days there was preaching "a quarter of the time." There were "reading meetings" on most of the other Sundays, a half-dozen men taking turns in presenting sermons from the *Freeman* and other sources. Here William Waldemar Spaulding, when he was a boy, attended church and Sunday school.

In the "singing schools" of the neighborhood he learned to be quite proficient as a singer, being a boy contralto of considerable local reputation. For three years, standing on a "cricket," he was a member of a quartet choir consisting of his father and mother, an uncle and himself. The quartet "took the pitch" from a tuning fork and sang unaccompanied.

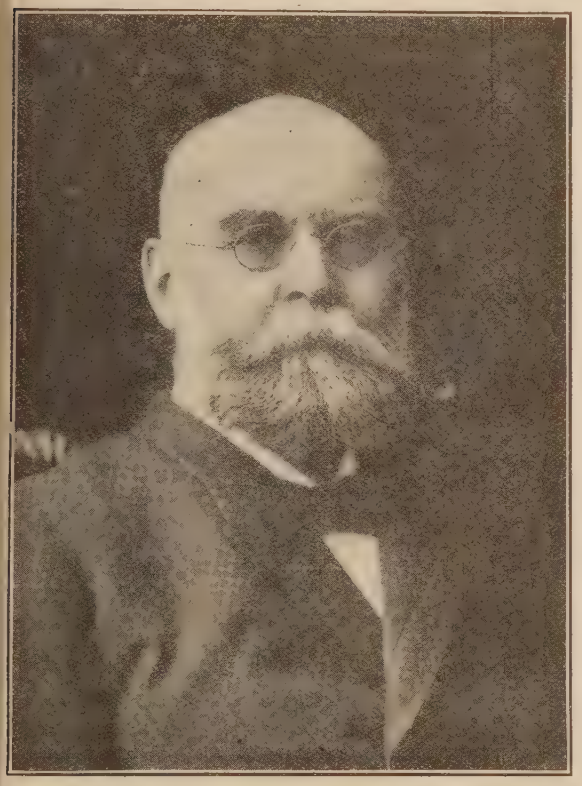
During his youth on the farm young Spaulding attended school two terms each year in "Deestrict No. 7." In the summer of 1861 Dr. Miner drove up to Lempster in a "one hoss shay" for a ten days visit. On one rainy day, when it was too wet to mow even "light grass" and after quite a talk, it was decided that young Spaulding should "go to college," Dr. Miner, then president of Tufts College, agreeing to settle all college bills.

As a student Mr. Spaulding formed his first acquaintance with Latin and Greek at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute, South Woodstock, Vermont. Graduating from Tufts in 1867, he became a teacher first in Adams, Mass. While here, on Nov. 25, 1868, he was married to Miss Evelyn Alice Harris. From Adams he went to a position in Boston and then back to Adams at a substantial increase in salary. During this second stay in Adams the Universalist church in that place was built. A pipe organ was installed and Mr. Spaulding organized and directed a church quartet of considerable merit.

In 1875 Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding and their two children removed to Haverhill, where Mr. Spaulding became the master of the high school. Directly upon

ıching Haverhill he began taking an active interest i the affairs of the Universalist church, and that i erest has never waned.

In his church he has seen service upon the parish mmittee. He was superintendent of the Sunday hool for many years. He was a member of the mmittee which built the present church edifice, dicated in January, 1895. On one occasion a stranger Haverhill affairs asked Mr. Spaulding about his cupation or business in the city. And the charac- istic reply of Mr. Spaulding was, "My principal



WILLIAM WALDEMAR SPAULDING

usiness is running the Sunday school of the Uni- ersalist church; and incidentally I am the master the high school."

In 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding presented the urch with an organ of great excellence. In this urch, as earlier in Adams, Mr. Spaulding became e leader of the choir.

In 1881 Mr. Spaulding resigned the mastership the high school and engaged in the manufacture of oes, which business he followed for twenty-six ars. He became not only one of the largest producers shoes in the Slipper City, but was the first man in averhill to engage in the export of shoes, now a usiness of large proportions.

In 1910, having retired from the shoe business, he as chosen president of the Haverhill Savings Bank, ne of the oldest savings banks in the state. He is resident of the Citizens Co-operative Bank and a rector of the First National Bank and of the Morris lan Bank. He is a member of the Haverhill Historical ociety, and of the Monday Evening Club, a literary ssociation of twenty-five men, organized in 1860. e was for a number of years trustee of the Hale Hospital and for several years its treasurer. While engaged in shoe manufacturing in Haverhill, he was associated with others in cotton manufacturing in West Boylston, Mass., and also at Easthampton, Mass. For years now he has been a senior member of the Board of Trustees of Tufts College, serving on the Finance Committee. And with these duties, engagements, occupations, Mr. Spaulding is in his church pew as regularly as the minister is in the pulpit.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Ancient Train

IT came to pass that I was upon a Journey, and I lodged in a certain City, and I arose early in the morning to go forward upon my journey. And the Train came in upon time, and I got on board. And it was not the kind of Train which I expected. For the Train that was advertised was an Express Train, with Pullman Cars and other Expensive Luxuries, and this Train had no such things. For there was only an Engine, and a Baggage Car and one Coach. And the Coach was a Very Old One.

And the Passengers began to make Remarks. And one said, that this Coach had descended from Mount Ararat, and that there had been no Improvements made upon it since Noah used it as an Ark. And many such like things did they say.

But I spake unto myself, saying, There is a Reason, and if we be Patient, we shall discover it.

And the Conductor came through. And he wore no Uniform; but had a Badge on an Elastick Band, fastened around a Derby Hat. And I had not seen the like in many years.

And the Passengers made Remarks to him about the kind of Train on which we were riding.

And he answered not a word, until he had taken up all his Tickets. Then he stood in the Aisle and delivered an Oration. And he said:

I have listened to the Fool Remarks of you who think you are such Wise Guys concerning the quality of this Train. Be it understood by all of you that this is not the Regular Train, neither am I the Conductor of that Train. But I got out of bed at Four A. M. to run this Flivver from the Junction to the Terminal as an accommodation to you Wise Guys that have not sense enough to suspect that somebody is trying to do you a Favor. For it was known to us that about Twenty Passengers were arriving at the Junction, and others to be picked up here, and we wanted to help you out. And because our regular crews are overworked, and many of our men are sick with Flu, it was no easy job to get an Engineer and a Switch Engine and a couple of old Cars. And because there was no Conductor available, therefore did the Division Manager undertake to see this Train to its Destination, and that's me. And I was able to get away and take this Train, because I have to go to the Terminal this morning; and I was minded to take the Switch Engine and go, but I made up this Train for your sakes. And now, if any of you want the Limited, and are discontented with this Train, behold, I will stop this old boat, and let you out, and ye can walk back or wait for it just as ye prefer. For the Limited

is in the Ditch about Fifty Miles back, and the track behind us will be blocked until Noon.

And no man decided to get off and walk, neither did any man complain more of our Train.

And I considered this thing, and I said, that if we were to stop and think before complaining, we should sometimes discover that the things whereof we complain are those for which we should be thankful.

* * *

"THE RED FLAG"

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I have followed with much interest the discussion growing out of Oluf Tandberg's article, "The Red Flag," printed in the *Leader* a month or so ago.

To-day I came upon a paragraph written by Max Weinzweig in a review of John Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct," which bears so directly on the point at issue that I feel sure you will want to pass it on to the readers of the *Leader*, especially as it gives us the conclusions of an eminent psychologist. The article from which I quote appears in the March issue of the *American Labor Monthly*.

> "We may desire abolition of war, industrial justice, greater equality of opportunity for all," writes Professor Dewey, "but no amount of preaching good will or the golden rule or the cultivation of sentiments of love and equity will accomplish the results. There must be a change in objective arrangements and institutions." Again and again Dewey returns to this point. He does not like the thought of universal civil war and revolution as a retreat from the problem of fundamental reconstruction, but it is folly, he admits, to keep on preaching cheap social charms, "blaming the inherent selfishness of human nature, and urging some great moral and religious revival. *The evils point in reality to the necessity of changes in economic conditions.*"

Edward A. Lewis.

* * *

UNITARIANISM AND LIBERAL ORTHODOXY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In regard to a possible union of Universalists with some other liberal fellowship, a Unitarian preacher writing in the *Christian Century* for March 15, distinguishes between Unitarianism and liberal Orthodoxy and concludes that there is "a place in the sun" for the liberal Orthodox.

> "The liberal Orthodox is loyal to Christ and wants to enthrone Christ in every walk of life. The liberal Orthodox is interested first and last in getting Christ into business, into industry, into politics, into international relations, as well as into the lives of individuals. He exalts Christ and his gospel. *The liberal Orthodox has a Christology.*
>
> "Now the Unitarian historical position has been loyalty not to Christ, but to truth. In the Unitarian Church there is a theology, but not a Christology. The Unitarian is urged to follow truth no matter where it leads him, even if he is led to a point where he has no more conception of God, and thinks that Jesus never lived, and the grave is the end of all."

I believe the foregoing constitutes a very fair statement of the fundamental difference between Unitarianism and liberal Orthodoxy.

If we are to unite with anybody it would probably be either the Unitarians or the Congregationalists. No union can be either satisfactory or enduring unless the uniting fellowships are in spiritual sympathy. Are we more closely in accord with straight Unitarianism or with liberal Orthodoxy? Which is the more powerful factor in the redemption of the world, a religion with a Christology or one without?

Shall we ally ourselves with a fellowship that has worked and is working in the religious experience of great numbers of everyday folks, or shall we tie up with a small body of believers whose spirituality has been intellectualized to the vanishing point?

Is ours a Missionary Church whose whole justification for existence consists in the ability to extend Christ's kingdom among men, or are we a select company of truth seekers who mind not at all the welfare of mankind?

C. B. Etsler.

* * *

"DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND"

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The following editorial from the *New York Times* is respectfully referred to "D. E.," *re* editorial in *Leader* of March 17:

> The one thing certain about the meeting of Judge Gary and Herr Stinnes at Rome is that it was not fortuitous. Two such men do not meet far from home for a long talk, merely by the chance of travel. It must have been a case of advice sought, whether it is taken or not. If the leading German industrialist desired to obtain correct information about American opinion from the executive head of the United States Steel Corporation, he doubtless got it on at least one point. This is that Americans, however divided in their view of what will result from the French occupation of the Ruhr, are almost all of one mind in resenting Germany's apparent intention to shirk her obligations to France under the Treaty of Versailles.
>
> Americans who have visited Germany in recent months differ in many of their reports. But they agree in two details. The middle class Germans are suffering intensely, but the great manufacturers and exporters have profited immensely and are keeping their wealth hidden from tax-gatherers, mostly in foreign banks. A direct bit of testimony on this point is given by Mr. Charles R. Hook, vice-president and general manager of the American Rolling Mill Company at Middletown, Ohio. He lately spent some weeks in the industrial districts of Germany and writes in the April number of the *American Review of Reviews* of his indignation at the way in which the industrial magnates of Germany had been exploiting their workingmen and heaping up their profits in the countries where their goods have been sold. "Is it any wonder," demands Mr. Hook, "that France decided to enter the Ruhr when she knew that Germany's industry was piling up huge credits outside her borders and at the same time deliberately delaying and refusing to pay what she had agreed?"
>
> The Germans still complain that they are misunderstood and misrepresented abroad. But their manifest intention to evade making due reparation to France is the thing that has done more than anything else to swing the public feeling of the world against them.

By all means let the Churches of America assert their "moral leadership" that the real rulers of Germany (the industrialists) may succeed in their effort to make France and the Allies pay for the damage that Germany wilfully inflicted!

Arthur W. Grose.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Home and Children

REDEMPTION

Florence I. Waitt

How can one fear for any soul of man
When God's great love is boundless as the sea,
Deep as its depth and wider than its span,
Constant, unchanging, flowing endlessly?

What though we scar against the rocks of life
The soul He gave? His love can still repair
The broken image. With dauntless strife
He battles for us, toils to keep us fair.

Though through the long years sadly we wound Him,
Shatter His likeness by some deadly sin,
Yet, flowing, holding, gathering, covering, keeping,
At last, triumphant, Love will fold us in.

* * *

MISS GRAY'S DESK POST-OFFICE

JIMSY, that's nonsense. You know they haven't forgotten you just because you haven't seen them for two weeks. You have friends and friends—I don't know how many friends." Mother sat on the edge of Jimsy's bed and patted the back of a tousled brown head that burrowed into a pillow.

"Everybody's forgotten me," came a muffled voice. "Every single body."

"Jimsy! How your chums would feel if they could hear you! Just as if you weren't a big boy; as if you didn't understand that we have a sign on our door to keep people out of the house for four whole weeks more. Prisoners we are, you and I, in a castle, seeing a siege through. Let's see it through with flags flying,—shall we?"

Jimmy turned his head half way and opened the one freed eye. "I can hear them when they get out of school, and they run right by on the other side of the street,—you said so,—and they don't even ring the bell to ask if I'm sicker or weller, and not anybody writes me a post-card or a letter, and they coast down this hill the whole afternoon, whizz right past, and if I were out I could pass them all," and the face again sought the comfort of the soft, fat pillow.

"Their mothers wouldn't let them come even to the door, dear. I know, because in their places I wouldn't let you. And the mothers have told them to scamper by on the other side of the street. Trust me—I know it's the mothers. And Daddy comes every afternoon as soon as the train comes in and I tell him all about you through the window, and you can hear him shout to you even if you can't see him, and there's nice Dr. Benton,—and I'd like to know if he isn't a pretty good friend, slipping two tiny barley-sugar fish under your pillow every single day!"

"I belong to Daddy, and Dr. Benton has to come because you and Daddy tell him to," was Jimsy's gloomy answer.

"He doesn't have to hide candy under your pillow,—me disapproving of candy!" Mother pretended great indignation. "There's his ring now, he's late. Come Jimsy, turn right side up before he comes in," and Mother ran downstairs.

That's what happened indoors. Outdoors, it happened that Miss Gray, Jimsy's teacher, strolling past in the noon hour, met the postman just opposite Jimsy's house. "He's better, isn't he? I'm so glad. I met Dr. Benton and asked," and with a friendly nod indicating Jimsy's house, Miss Gray paused.

"Poor little chap, and he always running and whooping." The postman's voice was all sympathy. "Six weeks is six years to him, I expect, away from all his pals." Shifting his leather bag, he looked searchingly and regretfully into its depths. "Never pass the house I don't wish I had a dozen letters and a few packages to cheer him up. Can't write 'em myself, though. Yes, he's better. I've asked Dr. Benton, too. Guess a good many of his friends have asked Dr. Benton about Jimsy. Friendliest little chap in town."

"Oh!" Miss Gray said slowly. "Does he ever get any—letters and packages, I mean?"

The kindly postman shook his head. "Every morning I hope there'll be one, anyway, but there never is. Youngsters set store by 'em—I know, nobody better.

"How unfriendly we've been," Miss Gray said. "And Jimsy such a friend, just as you say, to every living thing. You just look in your pouch to-morrow, Mr. Brown! Isn't it lucky composition is the first lesson after lunch hour! Trust my children!" She almost ran on her way, stopped and ran back. "Promise you'll never tell how it came about," she begged. "Results will warrant the conspiracy!" And this time she was off.

The school-children of Room E, trooping in after luncheon, found an animated Miss Gray. "We're going to do something different to-day for composition," she said briskly—"something you'll like. It's time, I've decided, that you have frequent practise in letter-writing—real letters these will be, which we'll drop in the post-box at the corner. I have the envelopes and stamps all ready, and till Jimsy comes back to us, my desk will be a real post-office. A letter mail we'll have twice a week, and if any of you have little things you'd like to send him in packages, I'll conduct a parcel-post department. And I'll furnish all stamps—glad to. Now to work."

No labored composition lesson this. Brown heads and bright heads bent sideways over desks; tongues protruded slightly to aid toiling hands, and letters spelled themselves out. "About things here in school or what you play outside. Try to make him feel we miss him and want him back and are saving his own place for him." Miss Gray had said. And as forty pens toiled over forty sheets of white paper, Miss Gray wrote a letter, too, making forty-one!

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Brown next morning as he sorted his mail into packets at the post-office. "Thirty-seven, eight, nine, forty, forty-one! Who on earth ever before got forty-one letters all in one mail! I wish his house was first on my route! He'll be kicking up his heels, cured, to-morrow!" And chuckling happily, Mr. Brown hurried on his way.

"Postman, I s'pose," remarked Jimsy, an hour later, at the familiar two rings.

"Maybe this morning"—began Mother, hopefully.

"No, there won't be," answered Jimsy, reading her thought. "There never is, not one."

Gasps from Mother in the lower hall failed to interest him. Such a time as it was taking her to collect whatever Mr. Brown had poked through the slot!

"I know a little boy who says his friends have all forgotten him," said Mother, beaming, and holding her hands behind her back. "A little boy who says he never gets a letter, not one." And on Jimsy's white spread she laid six letters.

"For me?" Jimsy's eyes were alight. "Six letters for me?"

"Six plus nobody knows how many more!" And Mother held two hands filled with envelopes toward him.

"Came by mail? All for me?" Jimsy was aghast. "O Mother, count 'em—let's count em!" Rapturously mounting upward of thirty, his voice suddenly stopped short. "Mother, did you tell anybody? If you asked anybody to write, I don't want the letters!" Jimsy's eyes held accusation.

"Jimsy, as if I would! Though I wanted to, I admit. No, dear, it's as big a surprise and mystery to me as to you. Do hurry and count so we can read. Here's the paper-cutter if you want to slit them, shipshape."

Together they read them, one by one, Jimsy utterly absorbed in each. Tommy Burns said:

Dear Jimsy—We're going to write you letters, and it's better than themes. Nobody sits in your seat. Miss Gray says nobody is going to sit in your seat. It's for you when you come back. Your friend, *Tommy Burns.*

P. S. Jack has a new sled. He beat us with it. We think you can beat Jack with Whizzer.

"O Mother, the snow won't be gone in a month?" asked Jimsy, anxiously. They read on:

Dear Jimsy (wrote Margaret Reed)—Miss Gray says her desk is going to be a post-office till you come back. We began the Third Reader to-day. It's easy. We'll help you when you come back. And we are reviewing arithmetic. Your friend, *Margaret Reed.*

P. S. I have two new pets. Their names are Nip and Nap. Guess what kind of animals they are.

"I like the postscripts best," said Mother, laughing.

"She says a post-office till I come back! O Mother, then maybe there'll be more, other days!" Jimsy's eyes looked far from sick. "This is from John Carter," he said, looking at the next.

Dear Jimsy—Miss Gray lets me pass the pens while you're away, but you're going to again as soon as you come back. And my mother says I can wait till you get well to have my birthday party. I don't think it would be much fun without you. Your friend, *John Carter.*

P. S. There is another department to Miss Gray's post-office.

"Now what does he mean?" puzzled Jimsy, nor did he find out till next day, when, in answer to Mr. Brown's ring, Mother found six packages on the steps. What was in them? As Jimsy's busy fingers untied the strings, he found a picture-puzzle in one, a bird's nest to add to his collection in another—all manner of interesting things.

Such a busy post-office as Miss Gray's desk proved to be! And there was no happier boy than Jimsy, for whom the letters and packages poured in. "Mother," he fretted after the second batch of letters, "Mother, how'll I let them know how much I like to get them? The doctor won't let letters go out of the house, and if they don't hear from me"—

"They know that," Mother reassured him, then added teasingly, "Perhaps not all little boys and girls think their friends have forgotten them forever if they don't hear from them for six weeks even! But we don't believe in 'Out of sight, out of mind,' any more, do we?"

"Mother!" Jimsy looked uncomfortable. "Well, I was the sickest then, anyway."

"And now you're better every day. Never did I know a small boy who had to have mail carried daily to his bed in a market-basket. As for your little friends knowing how happy they have made you, you see, I'm not forbidden to telephone."

"O Mother, will you?"

"Will I? I have, goose of mine, the very evening after your first swamping mail came. You were asleep. I knew you wouldn't mind that?"

"Mind? I should say not! How'd you think of it?" And in Jimsy's voice was high approval. A pause. "Mother, what was that thing you said—'Out of mind'?"

" 'Out of sight, out of mind.' "

"Oh, yes," sighed Jimsy, comfortably. I'm glad it isn't."

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* * *

THE EGOTIST

He discovers that there is no God in the universe, only a tendency. He proves that the world was not created, but that, by a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," it happened. He explains that man's feeling for a Father-Heart is only a futile wish, not an instinct, and that his craving for immortality is but the desire of the moth for the star. He declares that there is no such thing as a goal "toward which the whole creation moves." He denies that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Life is simply ebb and flow, chance and circumstance, the cry of human mouths doomed to be forever stopped by dust.

Having banished God from the universe he exalts himself as successor on the throne.

Meanwhile, God the Father-Heart takes pity on his poor, lean soul, and gives him food to eat and water to drink, fresh air to live in, and sunshine and flowers to delight his heart!—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

* * *

MAKING A BLOW-TORCH OF THE SUN

In one of the laboratories in Washington they have a great sun-glass that measures three feet across. It's like the "burning glasses" we used to treasure when we were boys, only much larger.

This great glass gathers the rays of the sun that strike its flat surface and focuses them on a single point in space a few feet below. That single spot is hotter than a blow torch. It will melt through a steel plate as easily as a red hot needle burns through paper.

This terrific heat—it can't be measured, for it melts all instruments—is just three feet of ordinary sunshine concentrated on a single point. Scattered, these rays are hardly felt—perhaps just pleasantly warm; concentrated, they melt adamant.

The same principle applies to human endeavor. Scattered,

a man's energies do not amount to much. Once they are all focused on the task at hand, seemingly tremendous difficulties melt like snow on a hot stone.

Get the habit of concentrating when you start to do a thing; throw on all the steam you have and focus every energy on the task in hand. Remember that three feet of ordinary sunshine concentrated will burn through anything.—*Roger W. Babson.*

* * *

VILLAGE NOCTURNES

(The Congregational Meeting-House)

The moonlight bathes the old white church
From paneled doors to gilded weather-vanes,
Deepening with shade the cool restraint
Of hand-wrought classic-ornament,
And making exquisite the sweep of roof
With shingle shadows like dim moss.
Upon a rise it stands,
Above the village green,
And now, at midnight while its high clock booms
(I hear the hammer creak for every blow),
It seems a great white ship
Full-poised for lifting flight.
Ghost of the days when perfect line
And just proportions and chaste ornament
Were seemly in the eyes of simple men!
Ghost of the days when your eight hundred seats
Were filled on every Sabbath morn!
Ghost not of what was terrible and bleak,
Not of dark fear and lust to persecute,
But of clear faith and courage
And the upright heart!
Ghost of the vanished grace
Of old theologies!

Walter Prichard Eaton.

* * *

A SPECIFIC FOR VANITY

Successful actors, like other successful people, need to be on their guard against the "swelled head." Joseph Jefferson, known and loved all over the country for his Rip Van Winkle, once told Mr. John Drew how he himself was cured of an incipient case of that malady. Mr. Drew retells the anecdote in his entertaining book of reminiscences:

Mr. Jefferson told me that when he had made his big success with Rip Van Winkle he thought himself fairly important. One night as he was going to his room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel a stockily built man with a grizzled beard got into the elevator with him. "Are you playing in town now, Mr. Jefferson?" he asked.

Mr. Jefferson as he replied in the affirmative rather pitied the man for his ignorance and his total lack of understanding of what was going on in the world. What a simpleton he must be who did not know that "Rip" was having an extraordinary run! When the man reached his floor and got out Mr. Jefferson asked the elevator boy: "Who was that?"

"Why," said the boy, in his turn pitying Mr. Jefferson for his ignorance, "that's General Grant!"—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

ANTI-PROHIBITION DRIVEL

We can understand those that are interested in making money out of liquor, or those that are crazy for a drink, when they say that, since the Eighteenth Amendment can not be enforced (as they imagine), the only thing to do is to repeal it. But we can not understand persons of education when they make such a suggestion. If there is any logic whatever behind their words, it must be that laws that can not be almost perfectly enforced should be scored off the statute-books.

The argument advanced is a vicious one. It would destroy all government by law.

There are no laws in the United States more consistently or extensively violated than the automobile laws. Not only are they violated, especially laws against speeding, but they are unenforceable to anything like the extent to which the prohibition law is enforced.

Shall we then abolish laws against speeding? The argument that would repeal prohibition laws would also repeal automobile laws.

The whole business is silly drivel. The Eighteenth Amendment has come to stay. Thirty-six states wrote it into the Constitution, while thirteen states could have kept it out. Now it will take thirty-six states to wipe it out, while thirteen states may keep it in. The man that imagines that prohibition will ever be abolished in America is surely a dreamer. It is too great a blessing to be given up lightly The next generation will call us blessed if we hold on without wavering.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

* * *

THE FATHER OF BASEBALL

Cemeteries are not usually cheerful places, but almost any boy in the United States would be interested in a monument that stands in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York. It is a tall marble column surmounted by a huge baseball. On one of the sides of the column are two baseball bats, crossed over a baseball glove; on another are a catcher's mitt and mask. On the front is a bronze tablet that bears the inscription: "In Memoriam, Henry Chadwick, Father of Baseball. Born October, 1824. Died April 20, 1908."

In the center of the inscription are a quill and a fountain pen to symbolize the fact that Chadwick wrote on baseball for various publications from the days of the quill pen down to the days of its successor, the fountain pen. His comments and his descriptions of the games were accepted as "law and gospel" by all the "fans" of his day.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

HOPELESS STRUGGLE WITH AN IRREGULAR PLURAL

A young woman who lives in Washington recently returned from abroad. She was describing her experiences in mountain climbing to a friend who is in the diplomatic service.

"Ah, mees," said the foreign diplomat, "so you climb zat mountain? Zat was a foot to be proud of!"

"Pardon me, count," said the American girl. "I think you mean 'feat.'"

"O-oh!" exclaimed the count with fresh admiration. "So you climb him more than once?"—*Argonaut.*

* * *

AT LEAST THEY WEREN'T LABELED

The ten-year-old son of William James, the psychologist, was on his way home from the zoological museum in Cambridge.

"Where have you been, dear?" said a friend, meeting him.

"Oh, I have been to the Ag-ass-iz Mu-se-um," he replied in a slow, drawling voice, "and I did see some monkeys there and some big bones and butterflies, but I didn't see any specimens of self-conscious personality."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

FAIR ENOUGH

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever set ma teeth in, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, parson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reluctance, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show de same consideration."—*Lawyer and Banker.*

* * *

SAFER

"Jim," she said, as he settled down for a comfortable smoke, "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about."

"Good," said her husband. "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got!"—*Lawyer and Banker.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 8. Smithton, Penn.
April 11-14. Cleveland, O.
April 15. Attica, Ohio.
April 22. Morning, Avon, Ill.
April 29. Pleasant Valley, Ind.

* *

THE ORGAN PRELUDE

Last Sunday morning I was in Haverhill, where there is a congregation that seems to understand why the service of worship begins with an organ prelude. It is not used as an unsuccessful silencer for belated visiting, which can not by any possibility be deferred until after the service. Neither is it used to cover up the belated entrance of those who should have risen five minutes earlier in the morning. It is not one of "the preliminaries," unnecessary additions to the service which must be continued because custom has so decreed.

In Haverhill, and in some other places I have visited, it is an integral part of the service of worship, and people begin to worship as soon as the first notes of the organ are heard. Most of us need some kind of a charm to soothe our breasts, and that is one purpose of the prelude.

When the Sunday morning service centered around a theological argument in sermon form, there was no more need for such a beginning than there is before a philosophical lecture in a university class room, but when we go to church to find "freedom to worship God"—freedom from the cares and worries and distractions and temptations and noises of ordinary life,—we need the music that will help us to

"hush the noise, ...
And hear the angels sing."

* *

THE CLARA BARTON GUILD

Last Sunday evening I went to Chelsea where, I have been repeatedly told, the Clara Barton Guild is the livest thing in the church. That statement is far from casting any reflections on the other organizations, for if any of them are half as alive as this company of young women, they have nothing of which to be ashamed.

They have taken hold of the Sunday school and are putting it upon its feet; and now they are beginning a series of Sunday evening meetings, not like the Y. P. C. U. devotional meeting, except in the opening part of the service, although that may come later, but with an invited speaker each Sunday evening. At the first of these, there was an attendance of forty; last Sunday there were fifty-five present, ranging all the way from young people of high school age up through the membership of the Guild to the fathers and mothers in Israel.

Some time we are going to be able to work out an orderly plan of progress in church work, and every sizable church will follow it, so that the boys and girls, when they reach the age that begins to wish for some kind of organization of their own, will be guided to a place in the Junior Union, as an adjunct, whether officially recognized or not, of the church school. From this they will graduate, as at present, into the Senior Union, still keeping their relationship to the church school. From the Union they will pass, after a few years, the girls into the Clara Barton Guild, and the boys into the Universalist Comrades. Perhaps there will be some kind of a recognition service of this event.

It is hardly within the province of the Director of Young People's Work to follow this line of thought further. Perhaps that is as far as it ought to go; perhaps not. But nearly four years' observation of the young people's work in our church from the vantage ground of this position has convinced me that it ought to go this far, partly that there may be no overlapping or competition, but much more that we may utilize the wealth of trained young men and women who are capable of bearing increasing responsibilities of leadership in the work of the church.

When I visit a Clara Barton Guild like the one in Chelsea, made up of young women who are just beyond the most active period in Y. P. C. U. work, I wish that in every church there might be the same kind of an organization to give the young women, many of whom have been trained in the Union, an opportunity to go on in the work of the church, as so few of them have opportunity to do.

* *

WASHINGTON-TOKYO

I have just been compiling the figures of Japan Mission contributions from the various Unions during the last fiscal year. It is not without significance that the largest contributor to our overseas work last year was the Union in Washington, D. C., which sent in $37.09, an average of over $1.68 per member. This is in addition to all that was done by these same people through church and Sunday school.

The young people in the Washington Union are the ones who will be the most active workers in the National Memorial Church when it is completed. It is evident that it will be a missionary-minded church, and a church that sees its duty and opportunity for service in world-terms is the kind of a church that deserves to be helped to the kind of a building in which it can best serve humanity at the cross-roads of the world.

Other Unions that deserve honorable mention for their contributions to Japan last year are:

Fitchburg, Mass.	$29.56
Bellows Falls, Vt.	24.96
Framingham, Mass.	23.44
New Haven, Conn.	21.93
Akron, Ohio	21.38

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, March 28.

For the Quiet Hour

We are all blind until we see
That, in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.
Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world unless
The builder also grows.

Edwin Markham.

Love carries the redeemed character along with it. Our Lord said nothing to Peter about the necessity of turning over a new leaf. He simply asked about his love. He knew love would make a new man of Peter. Love is a mighty redeeming energy. Set the love of Christ in a man's heart and it will make a new creature of him.

J. D. Jones.

Those who will not lower their ideals are salt. They preserve the community. They keep it from falling apart into the factions and cliques that would destroy community life. They are lights in the darkness. In the bright light of their lives others can see what they ought to do. They make people believe there really is a God.

Edward I. Bosworth.

Solitary Christians on earth have usually been failures. The austere saint, whose only defense against temptation was to maroon himself on the top of a pillar or in a cavern, was never a popular type on earth, and it is to be doubted whether it is any more esteemed in heaven. The hermits and pillar-saints would have been better off for this world and the next had they moved among men and learned the pleasure of sharing with others the joys of their Christian experience.

Christian Advocate.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness:
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face:
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not: if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer skies,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.

Stevenson.

"If God made no response except to perfect faith, who could hope for help? But God has respect for beginnings, and His eye perceives greatness in the germ. Real trust is real power, though the heart and the hand both tremble."

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

GETTING TOGETHER

This is the day of "getting together," co-operation and federation. We are arning the power of concentration.

In the Universalist denomination there but one national organization of women, d this stands for Church extension.

In our parishes there are often *several* omen's societies, dividing the woman- ower of the church. Why should not ese unite, thereby strengthening their rces, and then *all* join the National ssociation? Nothing need be lost, and uch would be gained.

It has been said over and over that all niversalist women should be actively articipating in the work which is carried n in their name. That the way to bring bout this desired result is by combination, s suggested in the W. N. M. A. April *ulletin*, has long been my conviction. have advocated this in a number of stances where advice has been sought, nd have proof of its success.

So now, instead of seeking single mem- ers here and there, while these are ever elcome, we are asking that whole so- ieties affiliate with the W. N. M. A. and oin in furthering the special line of work hich is ours, and ours alone.

There are many civic organizations ormed to carry on various phases of phil- nthropic activities; but as church women ve are banded together to stimulate and levelop a line of work which depends on s for its accomplishment. And for worth- while attainments we need the co-opera- ion of every woman in every local so- iety. You are familiar with the quota- ion, "What's in a name?" Be broad enough to put aside the prejudice for a time-honored name. Choose a name big enough to be inclusive, then get together, and as one body get back of the work of the National Association. When this is done, we shall have made a great advance toward our goal of *every* woman participating in the extension of our faith. Increased membership means enlarged opportunity. Let us look carefully into this matter of consolidation and decide whether it is not the best method of strengthening the Church which is dear to our hearts.

Alice Coe McGlauflin,
Membership Chairman.

* *

CAMP MURRAY

Do all the girls in your church know about Camp Murray, one of the eight denominational camps at the big Conference at Northfield, Mass., next July?

If they do know they will want to go, and it is now time to be making plans.

If they don't know write for information to

Rena L. Bradley, Leader,
17 Spruce St.,
Springfield, Mass.

* *

WOMEN'S DAY

Now is the time when you should be making plans for Women's Day, which will be observed in our churches this year on Sunday, April 29. Confer with your minister about it and appoint your committees. Arrange a program that will command at once the attention and interest of all who attend. Let us make Women's Day, 1923, a memorable one.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Associati on of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston. Mass.

MICHIGAN AND SO FORTH

For the second time this winter I have swept the snow from the Canadian border. This trip, however, took me, not "up," but just "over," for, contrary to my youthful impressions, the Lake Erie section of Ontario is no farther north than Massachusetts and no colder than New Jersey. Our Universalist friends in Olinda market their tomatoes by the first of July and raise successfully peaches, tobacco, sweet potatoes, peanuts and other supposedly "southern" crops. Nevertheless, there was snow when I arrived, for March 19 brought the coldest weather of the year.

Olinda is the "and so forth" of this report, my only stopping-place in the King's domain. We have there a beautiful little church with a new parish house and parsonage connected. The minister is provided with a good residence, heated, lighted, connected by telephone and equipped with a first-class radio outfit. He ought to be happy with a parish made up of the leading citizens of the neighborhood, who are progressive farmers and enthusiastic Universalists. Rev. and Mrs. George H. Campbell, fresh from Canton Theological School, are very popular and are increasingly efficient. The Sunday school, with a devoted membership of men, women and children, is strong and growing.

In Detroit I found universal regret at the resignation of Rev. Charles F. Patterson. I was privileged to speak at a dinner of the Democracy and Benjamin Rush classes, eight jolly people responding heartily to my plea for Sunday school loyalty. Several trustees of the church were present and signified their intention to cooperate. Mr. Jason Moore is a superintendent of unusual ability and industry.

A rare privilege was mine by courtesy of Brother Patterson, that of attending a meeting of "The Wranglers," a dozen prominent clergymen of Detroit, men like Drs. Hough, Vance, Marquis, Atkins and Stidger. Dr. Vance gave a paper on "The Church in a Changing World," and his keen-witted associates, ministers responsible for religious leadership in the most rapidly growing city in the world, showed by their comments that they are alive to the magnitude of their opportunity and responsibility.

When Rev. George H. Ashworth settled in Lansing four years ago the future of our church there seemed somewhat doubtful; but it is doubtful no longer. He is one of our reliable ministers, clear-seeing and hard-working. The Sunday school, of which a bright young business man is superintendent, shares in the general progress of the parish.

At Horton we have one of our new schools and I was especially pleased to see how our friends, recently made by correspondence, are laboring intelligently and efficiently. The pleasant village contains a lot of unusually attractive children and young people, as I can testify from seeing them at the supper and the preaching service which preceded our conference. Folks in Horton love Rev. William Couden.

Over at Concord (pronounced like "harmony" and not like "defeated") I heard no mention of Rev. Mr. Couden, but I heard every one talking about their popular "Uncle Will." Here is a prophet back in the country of his boyhood, and assuredly not without honor. At the high school I told the sad story of Armenia and at the church I proclaimed the glad faith of a world progressing in spite of all temporary and superficial confusion. Our conference revealed a Sunday school well-officered and well-taught and, of course, therefore increasing.

"Is there much in Michigan?" I was asked by a brother minister. Yes, there is much opportunity, much good intent and much faithful labor. Therefore there is much ground for joy and hope.

G. E. H.

* *

MORE HONOR FOR AUGUSTA

Some time ago we mentioned Mr. Louis H. Carleton, of Augusta, Maine, as having completed thirteen years of perfect attendance at Sunday school. The honor did not spoil him, for he has now finished his fourteenth year. There are other faithful folks at Augusta, as will be seen from the following list:

Miss Florence Carleton, six years of perfect attendance.

Miss Charlotte Carleton, six years of perfect attendance.

Miss Dorothy Robinson, five years of perfect attendance.

Miss Ruth Pettengill, five years of perfect attendance.

Mrs. Lottie M. Carleton, five years of perfect attendance.

Among Our Churches

Massachusetts Letter

By common consent the two items in this letter of greatest *news* value are the settlement of ministers over four of our pastorless churches and the actual beginning of work upon the construction of the beautiful edifice which is to house the people of the Second Society in Boston. For several months the churches at Palmer, Chelsea, Braintree and Arlington have been quietly but persistently looking for pastoral leaders. They have all been rewarded in the selection of good and capable men. Rev. Warren B. Brigham, now of Grove Hall, begins work at Palmer Sunday, April 8. The parsonage at Palmer has recently been in the hands of painters and paper-hangers who have been getting it ready for the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. Brigham. The position left vacant in Chelsea by the resignation of Dr. Bush is to be filled by Rev. Barron F. McIntire of Dexter, Maine. Mr. McIntire has had an unusually successful pastorate in the Pine Tree State and the members of the Chelsea church are ready to co-operate with him to the utmost in the expectation that what he has done in Dexter will be repeated on a larger scale in this busy suburb of Boston. He and his family will remove to Chelsea the latter part of April. All Souls Church in Braintree is made up of Universalists and Unitarians. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson of the First Church, Cambridge, has accepted an earnest and unanimous invitation to become the minister at Braintree. He is to begin his new relations on Sunday, April 15. And Arlington is very soon to be the home of Rev. Charles F. Patterson of Detroit, Michigan. This community is one of the most attractive and promising of any section of Metropolitan Boston, and our church in Arlington has all the promise of the forward-looking and growing life of the section * * Since the burning of the church building of the Second Society of Universalists in Boston in 1914, that congregation has been worshiping in the Fenway Theater on Massachusetts Avenue. The society has never lost sight of its purpose to build anew. More than a year ago a lot at the corner of Boylston and Ipswich Streets was purchased at a cost of $150,000. On Thursday evening, March 22, the contract was let for the first part of the new edifice which is to be. The firm of the Charles R. Gow Company was commissioned to put in the foundation of sturdy concrete piles. In another week bids for the super-structure are to be received. It is the hope and plan of the minister, Rev. S. H. Roblin, D. D., to have the church completed and dedicated by Easter of next year. The structure when erected will be so beautiful and so well adapted to its purpose as to deserve the name which has been suggested for it, The Universalist Cathedral Church. * * St. Paul's Church in Springfield at its recent annual meeting voted to purchase the property at 33 Wellesley Street and put it in proper condition for the home for its minister and his family. The price of the property was $10,500. Six of the active men of St. Paul's immediately contributed $3,000 towards paying for the home, and the plan is that the remainder shall be raised at once in order that the parsonage may have attached to it no debt whatsoever. * * During the month of March Brockton has been waging a Go-to-Church Campaign. Twenty churches engaged in the enterprise. The minister of our church, Rev. Charles E. Butterworth, has been in the thickest of the fray. He has had in charge the publicity for the entire affair. And while carrying on this work in behalf of all the churches, he has done some very effective work for his own church. Next to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the Universalists show the greatest percentage of increase in attendance of any religious group. The actual figure of gain is 83 per cent. The best Sunday of the month was March 18. Upon a basis of eighty in the congregation, sixty in the Sunday school, and fifteen in the Y. P. C. U., or a total of 155, on March 18 there were 128 in the congregation, 127 in Sunday school and forty-four in the Y. P. C. U., or a total of 299. And even with that Mr. Butterworth is not satisfied. He plans to go on to bigger results. * * We are happy to welcome at our desk the first issue of the *Universalist*, a neat little four-page "house organ" for the many organizations of the Lynn Universalist parish. It is to be a medium of communication for every auxiliary of the parish. Scattered as are the people of the large city church, it is necessary to have some means like this for unifying its activities and keeping all power centralized towards one effective end. We congratulate Lynn upon another real achievement. * * From Mrs. Charles S. Payson, State Superintendent of Junior Unions, we learn that at the present time there are but sixteen Junior organizations in the state. Granville Hicks, the present editor of *Onward*, and Mrs. Payson herself were members of a Junior Union once. They know of its value and its promise for our Church of to-morrow. Any one in any of our churches in Massachusetts who looks into the faces of the many Universalist boys and girls in our homes and who longs to see these boys and girls cemented into the structure of the Church to come, should write to Mrs. Charles S. Payson, 6 Standish Road, North Weymouth, for suggestions as to the way to bring this hope to realization. * * On Wednesday March 21, Rev. W. P. Burnell of Mansfield one of the ministers of our older generation slipped quietly and quickly out from this wonderful world to the world more wonderful beyond death. He was in his seventy-second year at the time. He had not been ill, though the persistent pressure of time had been weakening him. Only a week before he was at Headquarters making a brief visit on his way up to South Acton where he was to speak to the Comrades in Rev. C. L. Paddock's church. Brother Burnell will long be remembered as one of the great money-raisers of our denomination. He gathered many thousands of dollars out through Ohio for Buchtel College and for the building of several Universalist churches in that state. Even with increasing infirmity he steadfastly hoped in the past year to raise the $5,000 necessary to pay for the new organ in our church in Plymouth. * * The reference to the organ in the church in Plymouth and the campaign for funds with which to pay for the same suggests that when Mr Burnell was obliged to relinquish the undertaking, the minister at Plymouth Rev. S. E. Franc, stepped at once into the place and set in motion efforts to complete the task. A little less than $1,000 has been paid in upon the organ; $4,000 is still to be obtained. Mr. Franc and his assistants intend to go urgently after this money until the entire sum shall be obtained. * * The story comes to us that over in Cambridge a Camp of the Sons of Veterans is to be organized from the blind and nearly blind men, many of whom work in the shops of that city, and that the new Camp is to be named the Henry Noble Couden Camp, in honor of our late blind Chaplain of the National House of Representatives in Washington * * Our church in Milford, where Rev Harry Fay Fister is the pastor, has developed and utilized a method of raising money which is worthy of the careful study of all our people. We commend the plan and pass it along for careful consideration. It is known as the Talent System. Five years ago Mrs. Fister instituted the system. A dollar was given out to each one willing, and at a certain appointed time the dollar was to be returned with the profit it had made. The first time the plan was attempted, it yielded $1,000. The net increase for 1917 was $1,200; in 1919, it was $1,400; in 1921, it was $1,600; and this year it was $1,800. So well has the scheme operated in Milford that the workers say, "No more fairs, give us the Talent System." Mr. Fister has been fourteen years at Milford. When he went

ere the parish had a debt of $7,500. hat debt was paid the first year, expenses ave been met each year since, and a sur- us, with gifts, has brought the accumu- ted funds of the church up to $55,000.

* Dr. Lowe is getting his forces ready verywhere for a vigorous drive for the Vashington Church and the Perin-Cate ome to follow immediately after Easter. Massachusetts, never second in any de- ominational enterprise, will not be lag- ard in the present undertaking. The uota for Massachusetts in these two large uilding schemes is $206,000. That at rst glance seems like quite an assessment, ut we have a lot of churches in the little d Bay State. Many of them are strong hurches, too. Apportioned out over the ntire number in a perfectly equitable anner, the burden will appear no burden t all. Already several of our churches are t work getting their quota. One of our rgest churches has its amount prac- ically assured. With the enthusiasm of he Lenten season and the victorious spell f Easter still upon us, let us go at once pon our job of gathering the money ecessary to build a worthy Memorial hurch in our National Capital and a helpful Home for the boys of Tokyo. * * Plans for the meeting of our annual Conventions in Malden on May 15-17 are already quite matured. The committees are selected and some of them appointed. The preacher of the occasional sermon is Rev. H. E. Latham. The speaker at the banquet on Thursday evening is one of the most sought for religious leaders of Greater Boston. We expect large numbers at Malden and a fine enthusiasm. * * We wish often that we could copy in these letters some of the fine things our ministers produce in their church calendars and parish papers. Suppose we make up a lot of them sometime in an article for the *Leader*. However that may be, here is one from Rev. Mr. Haynes of Beverly. With it we will close this epistle. "A good Universalist adds to his own optimism the logic of the Presbyterian, the clear thinking of the Unitarian, the freedom of the Baptist, the breadth of the Congregationalist, the zeal of the Methodist, the conscience of the Quaker, the fortitude of the Pi grim, the devotion of the Episcopalian, the cheerfulness of the Christian Scientist, and attends church like a Catholic."

Leroy W. Coons.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

The address of Mrs. F. N. Chamber- ain has been changed from Jamaica Plain, Mass., to 11 Murray Hill Road, Medford, Mass.

Massachusetts

Charlestown.—Rev. Roger F. Etz, pas- or. The annual parish meeting was held n Monday evening, March 26. There vere eighty-five present. The report of he treasurer showed a balance of $587.48. When Mr. Etz took charge of this old church last September, in connection with is work as Secretary of the General Convention, the church had about reached he conclusion that, owing to the rapid and complete change in the population of Charlestown, it must discontinue its ctivities. The annual meeting revealed a more encouraging condition than has existed for several years. A testimonial etter appreciative of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Etz and of Miss Etz was signed by practically every member of the church. It was decided to hold a big fair next fall.

East Boston.—The State Superintendent, Dr. Coons, preached here on Easter morn- ng to a congregation which filled the chapel. Many members living now in other places about Boston were back in the old nome church for Easter. Two babies were christened by Dr. Coons, Robert Clifford Crawford and Natalie Brooks Beal. This church, even though unable to maintain regular preaching services, has a Sunday school of thirty-five members. The Boy Scouts take care of the church building, keeping it neat and clean and ready for services.

Spencer.—The State Superintendent, Dr. L. W. Coons, visited Spencer on Tues- day, March 27, and held a conference with the trustees relative to the affairs of this church. The church has been practically closed for several years. Three services were held last year in May, June and October. The Masonic bodies of Spencer have approached our trustees to see whether the church could be purchased or rented or leased for general lodge uses.

Grove Hall.—Rev. Warren B. Brigham closed his five years' pastorate with this church on Easter Sunday, and left for the new home in Palmer on Sunday afternoon. Owing to the fact of this early departure Mr. and Mrs. Brigham had planned to say their *au revoir* to their parishioners at the close of the communion service on Holy Thursday evening. A surprise, however, was in store. At the end of the service the hundred members present escorted their minister and his wife to the social rooms of the church and there presented them with a very substantial purse of gold. When Mr. Brigham assumed the pastorate at Grove Hall there was an accumulated deficit of $2,700. The next year this was lowered to $2,200. At the end of the third year the deficit was $1,800. Last year the slate was left entirely clean and the same is true at the close of his fifth year. The Easter offering was sufficient to allow the year to end in fine financial condition.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pas- tor. The annual parish supper and business meeting were held in Social Hall Tuesday evening, March 13. The reports of the treasurer of the church and the various organizations showed all bills paid and a balance on hand. About 100 attended the meeting. Special sermons have been given by the pastor during the Lenten season with service on Good Friday evening. Mrs. Carritt, who has charge of the choir, prepared special muisc for Palm Sunday and Good Friday service. Since the visit of Miss Andrews here the Clara Barton Guild has become very much interested and expects soon to have a Guild room on the lower floor of Social Hall. The Missionary Society is sending clothing to the Rev. L. P. Jones of Clinton, N. C. The work in the Sunday school was never better in the way of number and spirit.

Middletown.—Rev. Thomas H. Saun- ders, pastor. The annual meeting of the church was held Thursday night, March 29, in the parish house, with 160 members present. The reports indicated a most successful year and progress along all lines. The reports of the auxiliary societies were all unusually satisfactory, showing that each had not only fulfilled its mission and purpose to the fullest extent, but had also contributed much of real benefit to the church and parish through their efforts. The report of the minister was also of more than ordinary interest. The auditorium was remodeled this past year at an expense of $7,000, which has been met by contributions. Also a memorial organ was installed valued at $1,100. Many other improvements have been made, so that this church has an auditorium as attractive as any in the city, and an organ as good as any in the county. The "every member canvass" held in January increased the amount of pledges over last year 287 per cent. The attendance at services has largely increased, and the Sunday school has 90 per cent of its enrollment present each Sunday. The Y. P. C. U., reorganized Jan. 1, has a large membership and its meetings are always well attended. Four new trustees were elected. It was with regret that the resignation of Mr. J. E. Gibbs was accepted. Thanks were expressed to the retiring officers, especially to Mr. Gibbs, who has been a member of the board of trustees since the organization of the parish in 1894. A vote to increase the minister's salary was unanimous. Large congregations were present on Easter Sunday, both morning and evening. The floral decorations were beautiful, the Easter music exceptional. Eighteen new members received the right hand of fellowship. The communion service followed the regular morning service and all remained to celebrate the Christian memorial. The sermon was one that brought joy in the knowledge that life is eternal.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

At the Boston Ministers' Meeting, April 9, the speaker will be Rev. Fred A. Moore of Brookline. His subject will be: "A Sug-

gested Program for Greater Boston Ministers."

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	51
Woodsville, N. H.	9
Woonsocket, R. I.	18
Portland, Maine	50
Norway, Maine	1
Brookline, Mass.	36
Beverly, Mass.	2
Lynn, Mass.	29
Waltham, Mass.	17
Bridgeport, Conn.	7
Concord, N. H.	7
New Haven, Conn.	7
Middletown, N. Y.	18
Total	246

* *

PALM SUNDAY CANTATA

Over a thousand persons crowded into the First Universalist Church, opposite City Hall, Cambridge, Mass., on Palm Sunday afternoon to listen to a presentation of J. H. Maunder's beautiful cantata, "From Olivet to Calvary." The affair was given under the direction of G. Sidney Stanton, the musical director of the church. Mr. Stanton, a young man, member of the Cecilia Club, and pupil of Agide Jacchia, showed fine musical judgment in the selection of the cantata and finer interpretative ability in its excellent presentation. He had a chorus of seventy voices. Miss Grace R. Chisholm was at the organ. The solo parts were taken by Miss Marion Lowd, soprano, Paul C. Scarborough, bass, and Rulon Y. Robison, tenor. Mr. Robison for two years was the leading tenor of the English Opera Company of Boston.

A Palm Sunday musical offering has become an annual affair at this church. The plan began three years ago. At that time Mr. Stanton and his large chorus choir conceived the idea of giving to the people a contribution of a sort to harmonize with the thought of Holy Week and at the same time be a reverent and uplifting musical experience for those participating. The choir of the First Church is a volunteer choir, made up largely of the young people of the church. This choir was the nucleus of the greatly augmented chorus on Palm Sunday. And the successful offering of that Sunday is further evidence for the place of the large, unpaid chorus in the regular worship of the church.

In introduction to the singing of the cantata, the minister of the church, Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, told the story of the last days of the Master and led the devotions of the hour.

Leroy W. Coons.

* *

Married

Aldrich-Kidd.—In Rutland, Vt., March 29, by Rev. A. J. Torsleff, Lloyd Edgar Aldrich and Marion Martha Kidd, both of Rutland.

Notices

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The ninety-first annual session of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in the church at Stamford on Wednesday and Thursday, May 9 and 10, 1923. The friends of the faith in the state are requested to take due notice of the occasion and to plan to attend the sessions in large numbers.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

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CONNECTICUT Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

The annual convention of the Connecticut State Y. P. C. U. will be held in New Haven, on Friday and Saturday, April 13 and 14, beginning Friday, at 4 p. m.

Ronald L. Brown.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of license for one year was granted, March 8, 1923, to Mrs. Wenonah Stevens Abbott of Berlin.

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary.

* *

PROVIDENCE 1923 CONVENTION

The Board of Trustees, through its chairman, has appointed the following as a general Committee of Arrangements for the next session of the Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923: President Roger S. Galer, Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., and Secretary Roger F. Etz, with representatives from Providence to be added.

Suggestions to be considered by the Committee will be welcomed. Send correspondence to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

SENDING MONEY TO JAPAN

The General Convention is always glad to forward money to any of our workers in Japan from individuals or organizations. Those who desire to send money direct to Japan will find that the simplest and easiest way to send small amounts is by Postal Money Order. These may be obtained at most money order post offices throughout the country for either dollars or yen. This is a more convenient form for small sums than a bank draft, as it may be cashed more easily in Japan by the recipient.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALISTS COMING TO BOSTON

Rev. Fred Atkins Moore of Beacon Universalist Church, Brookline, will appreciate being advised of Universalists coming to live in Brookline or the Back Bay, Allston or Brighton districts of Boston. Address, 290 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Eliza Bailey

Mrs. Eliza Bailey, for sixty years a resident of Hallowell, Maine, and a loyal, life-long Universalist, passed on at the age of eighty-three years, on March 17. The funeral service was held at her home, March 20, Rev. M. L. Hadley officiating. She leaves one son, Mr. Millard I. Bailey of Hallowell.

Charles P. McCrillis

Charles P. McCrillis died at his home in Dexter, Maine, March 2, 1923, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was born in Dexter and always lived here.

His father, Pulaski McCrillis, came to Dexter from New Hampshire when scarcely more than a boy and engaged in mercantile pursuits. Here he married Susan Cooledge, a daughter of "Squire" Cornelius Cooledge, one of the early settlers of Dexter, and Charles was their only child.

Mr. McCrillis was the oldest merchant in the town, having sold groceries, grain and feed to the people of Dexter and the surrounding towns for more than fifty-two years. He was devoted to his business and to his home. Coming of good Universalist stock, he was a lifelong Universalist. He was an honest, upright, genial business man, a kind and thoughtful neighbor and friend, a good and loving husband and father. He married forty-nine years ago Emma E. Snow, who, with one daugher, Genevieve F. McCrillis, survives him.

The funeral was from the home, March 5, his pastor, Rev. B. F. McIntire, officiating.

The profusion of beuatiful flowers and the presence of the funeral at many business friends from different parts of the state testified to the high esteem in which Mr. McCrillis was held by his friends and associates.

M. H. H.

Mrs. Helen A. Conger

Mrs. Helen A. Conger of Alameda, Cal., a life-long Universalist and the "church mother" of the First Universalist Church of Oakland, passed into the larger life on Saturday evening, Jan. 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Florence McCallum. "Mother" Conger was born in Knox County, Illinois, Aug. 7, 1842. She attended Lombard College as a young woman from 1857 to 1859. She and her sister presented one of the banners to Douglas in the famous Lincoln and Douglas debates. She had vivid and happy memories of our martyred President. She was married in 1862 to Edward D. Conger and in 1871 they moved to Waco, Texas, where after the death of her husband in 1890 she resided until 1917. At this later date she joined her youngest daughter, Mrs. Florence McCallum, in Alameda.

During her five years residence there until her death, she has been the "mother" to our Oakland Mission. Her loyalty and devotion to it will ever be one of the choicest memories in its history. Her irresistible sweetness of character, her abounding optimism and good humor, her progressive and forward-looking spirit, made her beloved by all in an exceptional degree. She was a cousin of Rev. E. L. Conger and Hon. E. H. Conger and a worthy successor to the Conger honor.

In addition to Mrs. McCallum, who incarnates her mother's devotion to the Oakland church, she leaves two daughters and two sons, Mrs. W. C. Harmon of Waco, Texas, Mrs. Edith C. Byrns and Carlos S. Conger of Los Angeles and Dwight E. Conger of Higley, Arizona. Her body rests in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, which she loved, near San Jose. Her spirit still blesses her family and her church family.

B. C. R.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

No. 1

Neatly printed in purple ink on best wedding stock; folds in envelope to match. Price 60 cents per dozen.

No. 2

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